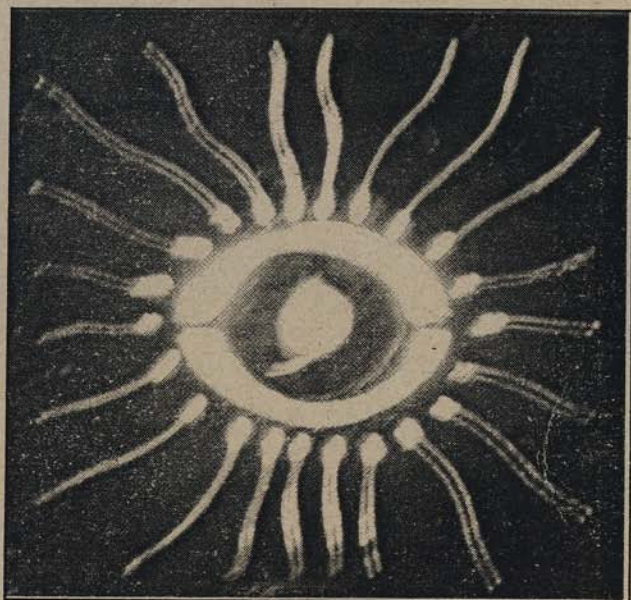


Public Spaces

A Paradise 29 Artel Seasonal Review



INSIDE:

The fiction of Ed Goldman

Poetry and Visual Art by Anon and others

Interview in Paradise: Tricia Person

Also including works by Jonathan Goldman,

J.P. LaRosee, Samantha Jane,

Geoffrey Oldmixon & MORE

Spring 2004



Cover Artpiece:

“Ovum Ocholator”

The piece is a sculpted collage by artist J.P. LaRosee. It is currently on display at the P.S. 365 gallery in Foxboro, Massachusetts.

Either You are with Life or You are Against Life

Life is for living in the free-flowing sea of being. Life itself - the pulsing, growing, bountiful, beautiful - serves its own purpose: to live. We are one of the many manifestations of life - living breathing, organisms, the same as starfish, the same as redwood. We are life. Any action that opposes our living life, ultimately opposes life itself and opposes us as life-forms. While death is a natural process in the life cycle, war is not. War is one of the many life negating activities known to our species. To support war is to support dying life; to wage (\$) war is to wage death. There is no contradiction between the embrace of a life-affirming alternative to war and the need to bring to justice criminals against humanity, criminals against life. There can be justice without war. We must realize that there is no difference between someone alive here or there, now or then, and there never will be. There are no geographical, political, religious, ethnic, moral, cultural, and on and on boundaries to life. A life is a life is a life. Repent. And actively believe. There is no hierarchy among and people as there is no hierarchy among organisms. We must defend and protect life while, at the same time, refrain from killing the life within others and within ourselves. Some individuals/governments, in isolation or mass, are cancerous to life - frozen from the movement of life in their own bodies and thus in their interactions with the natural world. Such individuals/governments are a threat, a genuine menace to life. What we are confronting now and have confronted in the past is not about human-defined differences between peoples. What we are participating in and witnessing is the life-force, the love, the growth vs. the death-force, the hate, the shrinking. A pure life and death struggle. The events of September 11, 2001 opened our senses to the rabid wild animals roaming about the land at home and away from home. We can choose to respond by again trying to dominate and tame nature, and again attempting to remake the world in our own image, and again killing, destroying, uncreating, and crushing the very life in others embodied in ourselves. Or, we can choose to respond by living the alternatives - working for, not against, life. We cannot defend freedom by taking away the greatest freedom of all - LIFE. Oppose war. Support life.

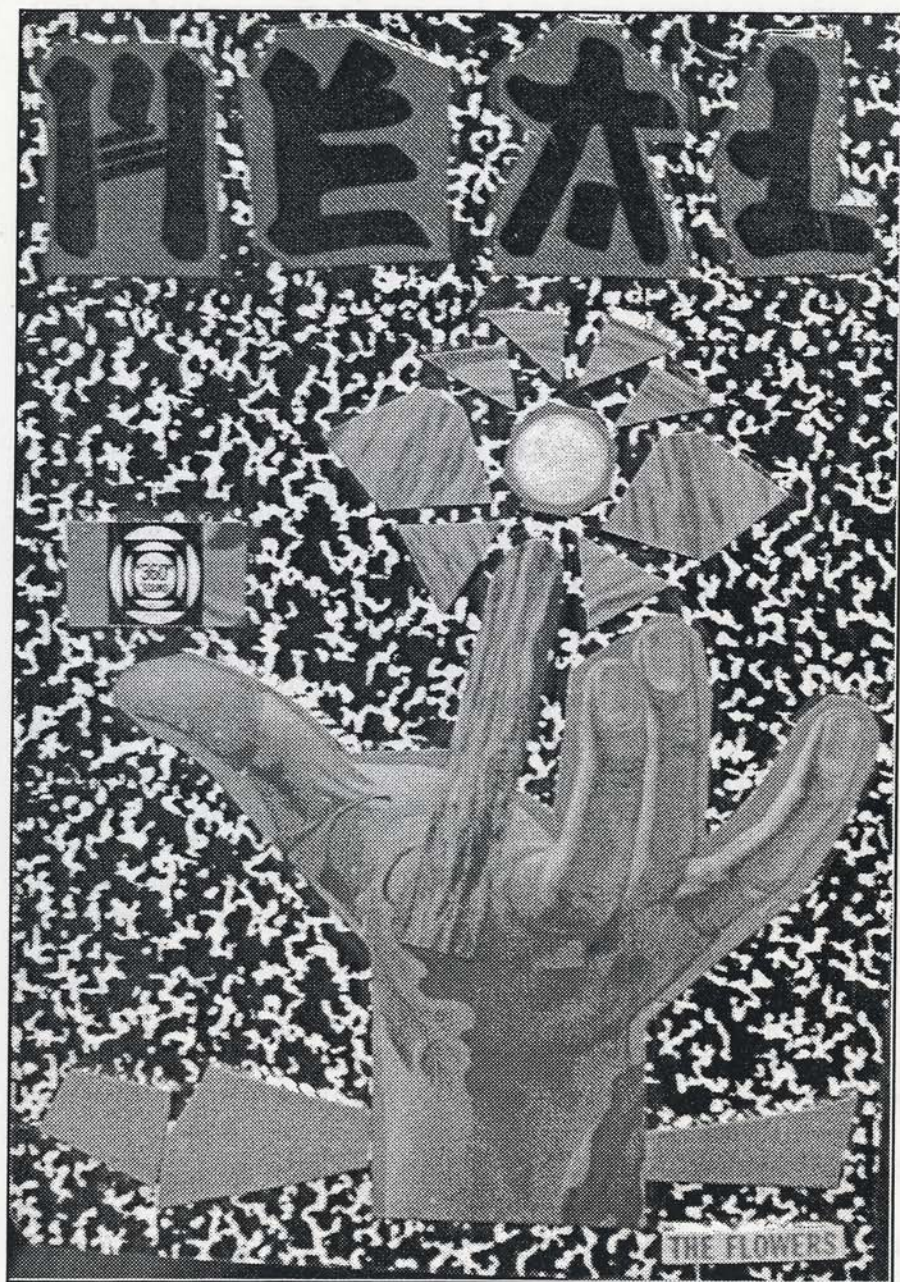
Written by Anon

Poetry By Anon...

wow and whew. let us wonder and wander together in the sweat of our work where the deer make their beds we also lie to rest and gather ourselves up up and away way true holding hands firmly in the rhythm of a greater embrace questing and questioning grace enticing these eyes cry with you these eyes smile with you these lips roam and rove and twist and turn a tapestry of grapefruit juice musk of our towering trees swaying in the breeze of our connection in the please of our suggestion let it flow laughter reverberating the rocky bottom and scrubby outgrowth of our years let it flow tears trailing and unveiling patterns of freedom salton bosom the trust is there from the get go growing and sowing the love always present to be revealed in the deep sways of our song sing it to me and i sing it to you la da da ya da do so much that we know and so much to learn never-ending as life is never-ending always-moving as life is always-moving one foot in ! front of the other our breath converging and merging and surging and urging this is the time these are our days moment to moment real and feel second by second time stretches and oozes a timelessness of perception here i am again where am i who are you who am i this is love this is love this is love hold and release give and receive i do and you do and we do believe.

Poetry By Anon...

sun sun sunny day. today i took a stroll
through the orchard where i live. britteness
encompassing. windy runny nose coldness.
whoosh. wonderful patterns in the ice
geometric nestlings lickable. found two
mounds of apples frozen and decaying —
a deep earthy smell. gathered a bunch and
made a peace sign in the snow colorful reds
and white and wild turkey footprints as
texture and presence. and the rhythm of the
breeze through the trees a creaking squeaking
musical be be ba ba beee. and staring into the
sun one two three wholebody sneezes later
brilliant images behind my eyelids, a look to
the wide blue yonder and i see afterimages of
soft and puffy yellow forms gliding overhead.
all the while birds expressing. back inside
with a steaming cup of green tea and fingers
regaining warmth.



“Heal the Flowers” by Anon
Photograph by Samantha Jane

Interviews in Paradise

This Season: Trisha Person

Trisha Person is a patron of and participator in the arts and has been such for most of her aware life. She was raised and resides in Foxboro, Massachusetts. She is in her early twenties and cannot foresee a life without art. She met with us on April, 29th.

What can you tell me about your art or art in general?

"It is what it is," she laughs.

Can you define what you try to accomplish with your art?

"Christ, where to you begin?!?! How do you define art? It's an individual expression; everybody has a different style."

Right now, you seem to be making music and some sculpture. Are you more passionate about one type of art over another?

"It's funny you should mention passion.

Whenever I used to draw, I'd never be able to draw it unless I loved what I was drawing."



Photo by Trisha Person

This photo is an untitled work, taken on a cross-country trip with a close friend.

Interviews in Paradise continued:

Trisha Person

Do you feel that an artist has to focus on particular genre or medium to be a great artist?

“Well, I don’t believe that art has to be repetitious, if that’s what you mean. If you make a painting, you’re never gonna be able to paint the same thing twice. I definitely think it takes some skill. But if you see something and think it’s beautiful and hang it on your wall and call it art, then it’s art.” She laughs again.

So you believe in art-for-art’s-sake?

“I believe in art for my sake!”

What do you mean? That art is good for the soul?

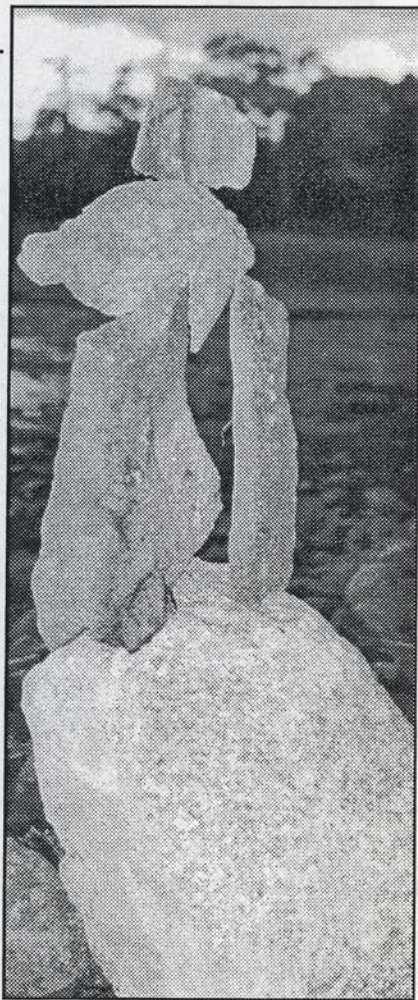
“Art & music were the only subjects I liked in high school. If it wasn’t for art, I never would have made. Playing music does a lot for me. I just love jamming out and you get to a point when you’re thinking about nothing else.”

Well, what are your goals now?

“Happiness. But I think I’m somewhat there already.”

Is there anything that you would like to tell the other artists of the world?

“That it’s okay to be a poor, starving artist - as long as you’re happy.”



Rock Sculpture and photo by Trisha Person.

“Passion shouldn’t just be a part of art; it should be a part of life”

-T.Person

HARMOLODIC BEING

taken from Manifesto of Harmolodics: The Harmolodious Union

In cooperation with the Harmolodic Workshop and the Red Threads Art Confab

to harmolodicize is to feel.

music as community.

music as communal.

do you wanna play catch?: harmalodics as playground

*approach playing music as play
in the sense of playing with a big ball
alone and with others.*

*moving with the movement
in the flow of playing.*

*not necessarily thinking
about how to throw the ball
or how to catch the ball.*

*but throwing or not and catching or not the ball -
keeping the ball moving.*

*the wonderball goes round and round...
now play and keep on playing:*

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**FICTION,FICTION,FICTION,FICTION,FICTION
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Ed Goldman is as he puts an “eternal friend, supporter, intimate of the spirit that is Paradise 29.” He lovingly offered a personal description of himself, claiming himself to be an “aspiring writer, businessman, philosopher sans portfolio, raconteur, testtube baby, sculpture of faces, devotee of Adams brothers, Shaw Elementary school, lover of Poe Poe platters, charter member of the Destroy-Harvard-Yale-for-the-Ignorant-Asshole-Presidents-They’ve-Given-Us... & many other epithetical delusions characteristic of the specie.” The first Public Space Review submission of Mr. Goldman comes here, in the haunting vignette, “The Soul”.

The Soul

by Ed Goldman

It is told in this fair town that time was when sounding of the church bell in a prescribed fashion meant spirits afoot. Priests donned white gloves and sat lonely vigils at the cemetery. All that changed with Adele’s pregnancy.

Father Bonhomme comes to greet me, a tall, awkwardly drawn man with large, oak jaw, broad-based nose and solemn, sunken eyes. He shakes strenuously the traveler’s hand, remarks on the weather, the war, the weeds, the wages of religion, and shows me to the portico of his house, through the spacious foyer with oval enshrined pictures of saints, to his study. Above a shelf of rare and varied editions of the Testaments is a panel of switches.

“Utility, flexibility, simplicity.”

Press of a button and the crucifixes change to Stars of David; another and the visage of Buddha appears; then, Allah, Brahma, Confucius, even George Washington for the civic-minded.

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"This all-embracingness is really Hinduism," I remark, naively.

"This tiredness seems stuck to my bones," he whispers hoarsely, "as if something were on my back, dragging me down, something with claws drawn from my own viscera." His lips are yellowed, tumescent. "It shuts me off like a flower closing in dark frost. Each yawn seems the result of a blow to the solar plexus. I kneel to pray and my nose runs, to read and my bowels somersault, to prattle and my tongue dries. This dream vexes me. One would lime and salt the cortex to end the tyranny. Consider the magnificence of suicide if the mind can be brought to entertain it. In that instant of reporting gun, the world must approach thought as never before. The flesh? The flesh is controlling, holding the trigger, the world for its dreadful moment an act of handling. Then the bullet smashing through, the gaping hole, and the world rushing in—poor nature's *horror vacui*. In she rushes: rock, tree, dirt, river, sky. World. One is what one is, caught in the here and now, crucified, nailed to the moment's cross by a spike through the brain. Unable to escape one's self-contradictions, one's paradox, there is no remainder.

"In June a young girl came to me, a very clean, toothy child with aristocratic features. She wore her hair pony-tail and washed out jeans. Something erotic immediately charged my study. Even as I looked away at the titles of books, sexual import alone was evident. She asked me sin. I told her whatever was unconscionable was sin. To whom? Him, I said, wishing to drop it. How will I know His conscience? By the light it imparts to your immortal soul. Soul would have the world godly. It would have the world you. This it endeavours always."

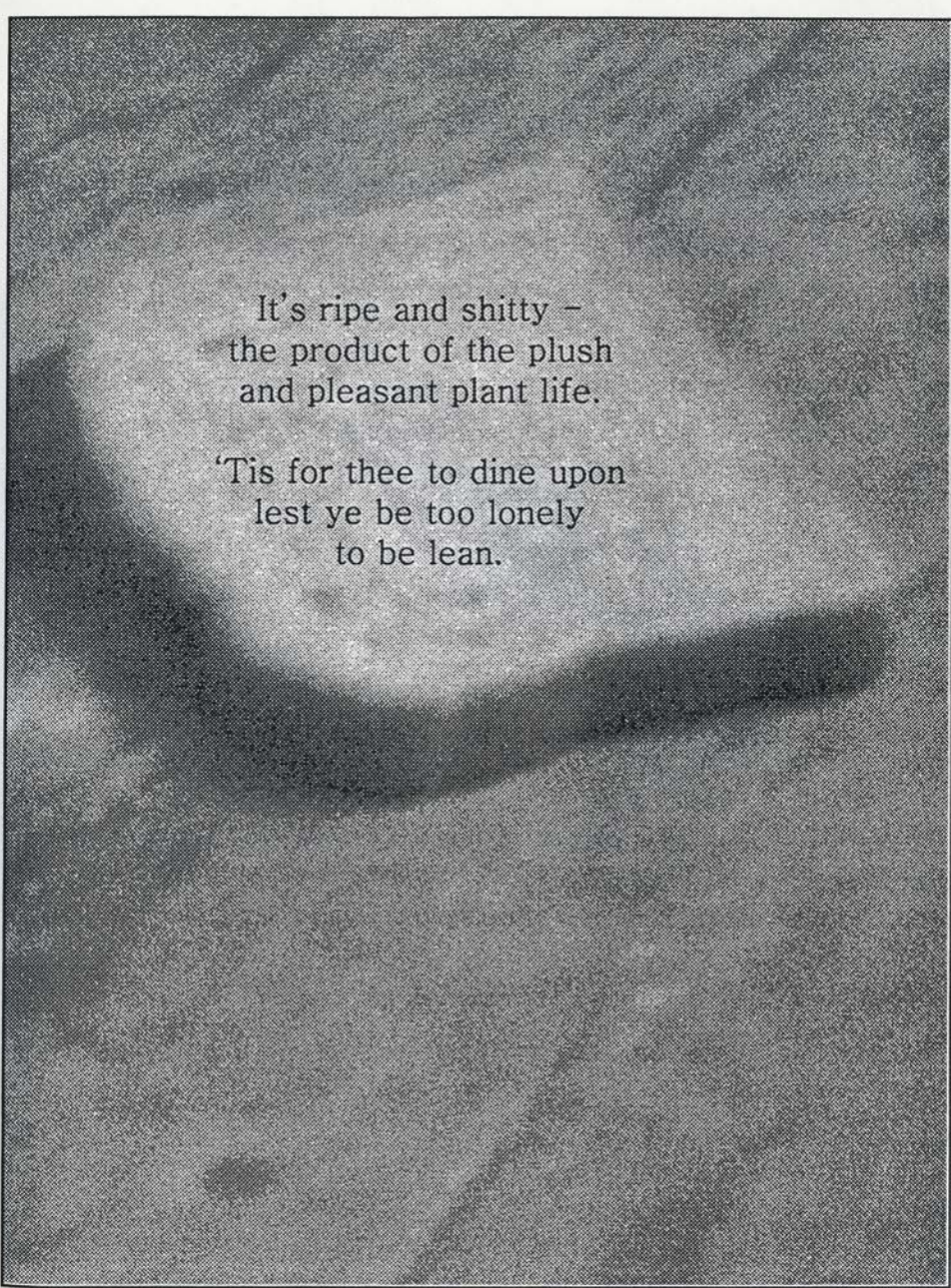
He sank to the floor and began scratching and pounding at the wooden planks.

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Look who doesn't live here anymore. We shook his hand. He's not in the office but he can't laugh at you anymore though he's right next to you. A juvenile game. Chosen 19th at random. The # of hot shots is increasing daily. Premise is that he's busted. But he's an artist. NY style. Conscientious. Courteous. Consistent. Nurturing. Conquering. New lands. New territories. A salesman of sorts. A contest to initiate the obligatory blindly advancing the race or creed of Greed/Need how charming a balance of indifference in deference to each other's marked Nobless Oblige. How orange a proposition. A taste in the mouth. A horny accusation concluded. Alluded to. Fell back on a chair when he proved to be my client lay down for me a moment we'll take your clothes off for Dr. Jorgensen's sake. Your damned dreams are irreconcilable with your damnation you delinquent. Acquiescence to the norm is irrevocably annihilistic. Psycho Romantic Nodal Anachronism. Chi Chi Philly!

Natural wigged blondes stand up and face their bosses at peanut-brittle tables. A bald black man removes too much chewing fish from his mouth smiling through whistling fingers. Whites of the eyes melding with clouds. Evil. Water flowing through the window falling on coat tails is really something soothing. Cracks in the melting table send it crashing to the forest bed. The proponents standing up. A room with no wood glisens like glassworkds in a morality play, anxiously seeping rain-sweat from bulging fish eyes. The man's fingerless fist heavier than air has nothing to slam on frozen. Gritted teeth are crumbling under the oppression of 40,000 years of ignorant frustration. The women pale coldly effervescent blond fish-hair mustaches. Rake their eyebrows and scorn in retreat. Wipe their mouths clean of lips. Sturgeon fly with wings. The women are doctors. Educated mink leg warmers gnaw at shins underneath white labcoats with broken pen ink spot stains on naked breasts. Tomb essence is blinding grey light. Anger is purple madness frustration. Shaking sharks at breezes with pouting squid lips. Flame-thrower eyes and heavenly nostrils. Coming from nowhere vulnerable alabaster statues glisten with blood-rain standing on sink-hole pores drooping out snake-skin curtains that reveal the darkness of shadowless flesh caverns. Perfect fit for a bald head under a scared umbrella mosuleum in the dark. Next time exploding skulls will decorate the sidewalks with red liquid fear. In this apiary courtroom blind justice is beheaded with a razor lung snatched up and gorged upon by the Amazons who skate around helplessly in bloodsoaked dissolving feet until poos of glass they happily become. Uncolored mineral streams decorating the ballroom floor with the reflection of shine.

Currulean sparks fly diamonds melting to ward suns screaming down at beached fish for might husk. DRooP-FeLt eyes see shore leaving withe every wave wake. Down arriving at dusk where v i v i d winds towel the skin with seamless synergy. Substitute sometimes breathless canals deflated lungs for impetus. Dark query weary of strife. Emotionally overwrought. Laughter meaningless. What's happening? Nothing. Actually just keep your way. Can... I do anything? No. No, no, no, no, no, no, no. Actually, you can go into my office... That windswept snowy afternoon is all I ever think about. Candidly, candytree didn't make me think about her once. But that afternoon. I'm off and wondering what might have been those Grand roots, MN. Felt so good. The little shrine that could. Till 9AM rolled around again.



It's ripe and shitty –
the product of the plush
and pleasant plant life.

'Tis for thee to dine upon
lest ye be too lonely
to be lean.

“Photoetry” by Geoffrey Oldmixon

This piece is entitled “Sustenance”

Naturalism at the Turn of the Century: Yeats, Lawrence and Eliot

a critical essay by Geoffrey Oldmixon

The Romantic Age in Poetry included the widespread popularity of the Naturalistic element. According to Frank Lentricchia, Naturalism rests on the notion that "the universe of matter is the whole universe: that it is self-existent, self-explanatory, self-operating, and self-directing" (page 20). Thus, it was believed that truth could be found in nature. At the turn of the century, a new style of poetry emerged. The old school of poetry, which believed that "truth is independent of our perception of it, and the role of the poet... is to describe and report what he sees" (Lentricchia, p. 23), was displaced for newer, more nontraditional takes on Naturalism. William Butler Yeats, D.H. Lawrence and T.S. Eliot were three major poets at this time whose new interpretations of Naturalism in poetry were quite different from the traditional styles.

Writing in a time that he, himself, believed to be "dominated by naturalistic thought" (Lentricchia, p. 39), William Butler Yeats was able to form a new theory regarding the truth in nature. Rather than being "at best, a secretary recording as best he could the totality and actuality of nature" or, "at worst, a slave," bound by the complete honesty of natural occurrences (Lentricchia, p. 23), Yeats developed a new approach in rendering nature in poetry. His was a method by which the "internal nature" of the poet can be expressed in his communication of a natural subject, whether it be man, animal or something else (Lentricchia, p. 64). By wearing what Yeats called "the Mask," a poet may attempt to see the world through his subject's eyes. In so doing, the poet is able to creatively capture what could only, prior, be observed and dutifully noted.

In his poem, "The Swans at Coole," Yeats was able to connect with wild birds. He wore "the Mask" of the swans to determine that the birds were "unwearied" (line 19) and that "their hearts have not grown old; / Passion or conquest, wander where they will, / Attend upon them still" (lines 22-24). These observations, to a traditional naturalist may seem presumptuous. But as Lentricchia points out, such observations are "a way of ensuring freedom and a way of saving creativity in the naturalistic universe" (p.64).

Yeats' Mask method of exploration and observation was developed further. It was his belief that one can truly experience the selfless-

ness of nature when wearing the Mask of his or her opposite. As Yeats, himself, puts it, the "achievement of the anti-self [comes when wearing] a mask that delineates a being in all things the opposite to... [the poet's] natural state" (Lentricchia, p. 65). We can see his efforts to reach the anti-self in his poem "Crazy Jan Talks with the Bishop." In this poem, he wears the masks of both a scrutinizing bishop and a promiscuous old woman – opposites in and of themselves.

For D. H. Lawrence, the foremost movement of the modern culture was "the release of sexuality" (Spender, p. 2). Lawrence sought sexual freedom and fought for it through his writing. It may be presumed that his quest was a transgression against the traditional Romantic style. Upon closer study, however, one can see that Lawrence's poetry found the same simple truths in nature. Like Naturalists, Lawrence recorded actualities of the wild world. His modernist approach, though, is in his affinity for the sensual.

D. H. Lawrence uses, in many of his poems, animals to depict the act of reproduction as being more than just a means of multiplying. He often personifies animals, noting their courtship and raw energy. In the poem, "Whales Weep Not!" Lawrence uses nature's largest beasts to express sexual lust energy in the natural form. In doing so, Lawrence is using the rules of Naturalism to pose a question: if this sex between whales is a natural act, is not human sexuality just as righteous? And, again, in the poem, "Lui et Elle," Lawrence uses animals to show that the ups and downs of love exist in the animal kingdom (and throughout the natural world) and must, therefore, be of certain truthfulness.

D. H. Lawrence uses nature of all sorts in order to reach the conclusion that life is pure and sex is of that pure existence. In his poem, "Andraitx – Pomegranate Flowers," Lawrence is not speaking of sex directly, but the images cannot be ignored. He describes the colors and leaves of the pomegranate flowers as having erotic flamelets, as being "small sharp red fires in the night of leaves" (line 9). It is with this sort of description and use of symbolic energy that Lawrence justifies human sexuality as being of the most natural and acceptable, truthful form.

D. H. Lawrence investigates sexuality. He likens the climax of sensuality to Haetes, the Greek underworld. In "Bavarian Gentians," Lawrence describes the flowers as being a sort of anti-conventional truth wherein the darkness is light. He uses images such as "torch-like with the smoking blueness of Pluto's gloom" to describe this phenomenon – that the Bavarian gentians bring a light

of darkness to his life. He makes his point by the fourteenth line as he mentions Persephone. Just as Pluto, ruler of the deep, dark underworld, falls in love with Persephone, so too does Lawrence fall for the flowers. Even in the darkest of places, therefore, a lover can find his passionate mate, drawing him into "the passion of dense gloom" (line 18) with "the splendour of torches of darkness" (line 19). Hence, while sexuality is a dark subject in the world, it is as D. H. Lawrence points out, just another place in the natural world that is equally accessible, equally enjoyable as any other.

T. S. Eliot, too, is poet from the turn of the century that manipulated the Naturalism of the Romantic era to suit his rpose. While much of work was about society and the social strata, elements of the natural kind are used throughout his work to foil his jeweled characters. In "The Waste Land," for example, the landscape is that of a dessert, a place in great need of water. His characters, however, are rather ordinary. In "II. A Game of Chess," for example, the poem takes on contemporary notions of seduction and barroom drama. It is ironic. Why should two people living in such a wasteland be entertaining such things? This same sort of irony is developed in his early poem, "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock." In this poem, the streets have been abandoned. The evening is like a ghost town. Eliot has set up the landscape of this poem in such a way that one can only feel saddened or disgusted by absence of life. At the same time, Eliot personifies the yellow fog of the evening as licking its tongue, slipping here, and leaping there, curling finally "about the house" and falling asleep (lines 15-22).

While Naturalism in the Romantic era believed that there is a wholesome truth in nature, that one may see the correct principles of existing by observing nature in action, Eliot found that humankind contrasted these truths. In other words, there is to Eliot a Nature and a Mankind, two paradoxical entities that claim but contradict one another. While man is of Nature and nature a part of Man, the flaw of humanity is its inability to act righteously. Eliot's later conversion and subsequent religious works is a testament to his belief that mankind does not know how to live. When claiming Nature as its guide, man riddles himself. When claiming the domination of the natural world, mankind isolates itself. Nature to Eliot, then, is a part of us - neither minimal nor whole. Humans, then, should concern themselves with just that part over which they have power. They should address themselves along with the precedent set by the God that rules them, not with a world

that is beyond their comprehension.

Naturalism was, before the turn of the century, a part of the Romantic tradition that believed that the much sought-for truth in art could be found in the everyday existence and workings of nature and the natural world. William Butler Yeats believed that nature could be observed on a more personal level. He did not simply watch and record nature, but interacted with it on a spiritual level, becoming one with his subjects. D. H. Lawrence used the notion of truth-in-nature to set forth his own ideology. He felt that there truly was an honesty that the natural world alone possessed. He felt, however, that there were aspects of nature that many people were ignoring. He sought to prove that even the most controversial aspects of humanity – sexuality and lust – were products of the world as a whole. Nature instilled its raw energy in mankind along with all creatures of Earth. Human sexuality, therefore, is as natural to Lawrence than anything else. T. S. Eliot included the poetic usage of natural landscape and vision in his poetry, maintaining the Romantic tradition. He did so, however, with a sort of irony. His settings and out-of-doors worlds contrasted the civilized indoor people of his poetry. Eliot clearly revered nature as a powerful element of life but the people that populated such territories were flawed and always less powerful than they might seem. Thus, by the end of the nineteenth century, twentieth century poetry was using nature as a tool to put forth new conventions of spirituality and well being. No longer was nature merely a truthful subject, but it was becoming a means to communicate new ideas.

Critical Works Cited

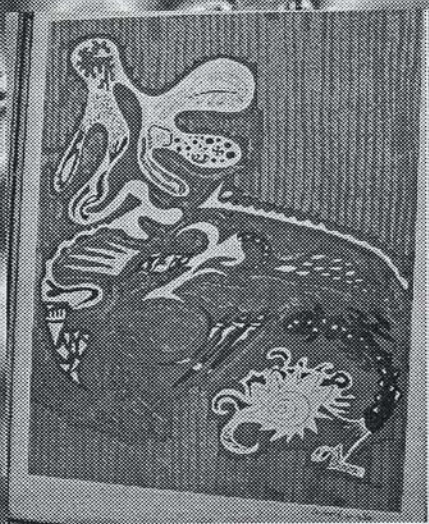
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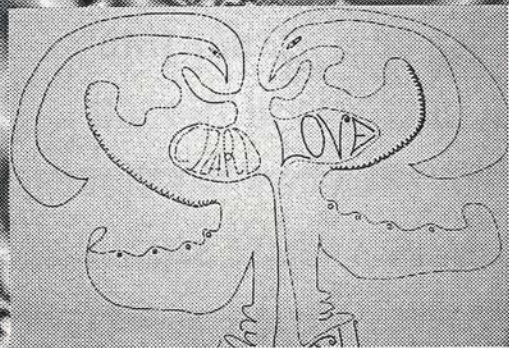
2004 Showcase Sampling



Painting: Leonard Covello
Photo: Samantha Jane



Painting by:
J.P. LaRosee



"Lizard Love", by Anon
Photo by Samantha Jane



Bust by
Ed Goldmian

Public Spaces

A Paradise 29 Artel Seasonal Review

Please send your art, science,
and/or literature submissions to:

art_confab@yahoo.com

Or stop by P.S. 365 and
drop them off.

"The Space" is located at
131 Morse Street, 2nd Floor
Foxboro, Massachusetts

Or call 508-543-P294

Share your beautiful mind...

Public Spaces

A Paradise 29 Artel Seasonal Review

Mission Statement

Paradise 29 Artel is the inevitable result of the on-going claim to space made you a growing number of economically-bound craftspeople, creative-expressionist, free-thinkers & feelers and the like.

As an accord and collective for the purpose of providing a local home for the arts and a forum for expression, creativity, and life-positive energetic pursuits, we make available gallery, work, and performance space for all artists, especially those who would otherwise not be able to perform or exhibit their work due to financial and other limitations - performances and exhibitions are uninjured and open to the public.

This quarterly/seasonal review of art science and literature should be regarded as an extension/expansion to the claim to space.